

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

NO. 16.

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VOL. 1.

Poetry.

[For the Juvenile Instructor.]

IN OUR HAPPY HOMES WE SIT.

TUNE:—*Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.*

In our happy homes we sit,
Thinking, Father, dear, of you
Who hast brought us from the wicked far
away:
And the tears they fill our eyes,
And our hearts are melted too,
While to Thee our grateful homage here we
pay.

CHORUS:

Cheer, cheer, cheer, the kingdom's rolling on:
Jesus soon will come again;
And beneath the snow-white flag
We shall sing our Savior's praise,
While o'er every nation he in peace shall
reign.

We are battling for the Truth,
And the vict'ry will be won,
Though the host of error press us very sore;
But the wicked soon will flee
As the dew before the sun,
And the shout of vict'ry echo o'er and o'er.

Cheer, cheer, cheer, &c.

So within our mountain home
We are waiting for the day
When God's Priesthood here shall rule from
shore to shore,
When the humble and the pure
May unite in Zion's lay
And the righteous dwell in peace for ever-
more.

Cheer, cheer, cheer, &c.

S.

[For the Juvenile Instructor.]

LITTLE GEORGE IN SACK-CLOTH.

A TRUE STORY.

You will remember, my little readers, that we
left little George sitting crying on the ground after
his relations had bade him good bye, and the supper
bell was calling him to supper.

Now, he was a very hearty boy, and never allow-
ed any thing to trouble him so much that he could
not eat his supper, his dinner, or his breakfast.

This day, Saturday, had been a very exciting day
for him, many desires and hopes had been created
in him, all leading to the one great wish that some-
thing would take place to give him his liberty from
what he always felt was a prison.

He ate his supper, went to bed, and was soon at
peace in a sound and healthy sleep. He dreamed
that his little sister came to him, and put her arms
around his neck and kissed him. O how he felt to
love his little sister. He felt that he wanted to give
her his half-pennies and his marbles, and every thing
he had in the world. While he was feeling so happy
he thought that the cross old nurse came and drove
away his little sister, and tore from his lips the cup
of happiness that was so sweet to him, O how he
disliked the cross old nurse in his sleep.

Sunday morning came, the first Sunday that little
George had seen dawn inside of an English work
house.

When he lived in the good home which his kind
uncle had made, Sunday was always the happiest

day of the week to him; for he and his little sister
were dressed in pretty, clean clothing, and went
hand in hand to a neighboring church, and some-
times they would go to the Sunday school and walk
with the little children to church. His little sister
was a very pretty child, very fair, with large inno-
cent blue eyes, and light auburn hair which hung
in natural ringlets upon her shoulders, and she
thought that there was no one in the world so
good and kind as her only brother.

This happiness lasted but a short time, for these
children were compelled to take different paths in
their passage through life, and to be separated from
each other ever after.

What a blessed state to live in is the innocence
and confidence of childhood; and what a pity it is
that custom and false education should ever destroy
it. Jesus loves little children because they are not
spoiled by the wicked arts of the wicked world.
"Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come
unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven." *Matt. 19 chap., 14 v.* Before men and women are
fit to live in heaven they must come back to the in-
nocence and goodness of childhood, hence Jesus
says again, "Verily, I say unto you, except ye be-
come converted, and become as little children, ye
shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Who-
soever therefore shall humble himself as this little
child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of
heaven." *Matt. 18, chap., 3 and 4 v.*

When little George had no home, Sunday was
not so happy a day to him, for the stores were all
closed, and the streets of the great city seemed as
though somebody was dead, and the whole people
of the city were going to the funeral; and he did
not have nice clothing on and his pretty little sister
to walk with him. Still he amused himself by
creeping into the churches to hear the nice singing,
and the organs play.

As I have said, the Sunday morning came that
first found him in a poor house. The old nurse as
usual entered the room and by a wave of her hand
the boys all jumped out of bed. She had brought
with her a basket containing clean shirts for the
boys. Before she gave them their clean shirts the
boys gave her a part of the money that they had
got on Saturday by bowing to the strangers who
visited the poor-house. She held out her hand to
little George for one of his half-pennies, but he re-
fused to give her one; he did not like her well
enough, and he did not understand how to buy
anybody that was unkind to him. He thought if
the cross old nurse wanted him to love her, and give
her one of his half-pennies, she ought to be kind to
him first—she should not have pushed him about,
and got the boys to throw cold water on him, and
when he was dreaming, she should not have come
and drove his sweet little sister away from him.

The boys began to get their clean shirts. Some
of them were white cotton shirts, some of them
were half-worn, poor-house shirts, and some of them
were not worn quite so much. The boys who gave
the old nurse the most of their money received the
softest shirt to wear, for they were her greatest fa-
vorites. Little George got a bran new tow shirt
that had never been worn at all. At first he

thought it was very good of the old lady to give
him the newest shirt in the basket; but when he put
it on, (and it was much too big for him) and had
put on his other clothing (which were too little) he
felt that he durst not move for fear of being
pricked on every side with this new, unwashed tow
shirt. He only needed now to sit down among
some ashes to place him in the same condition as
the king of Nineveh whom we read about in the
book of Jonah, chap. 3, 6 v. To be robbed of his
liberty was the greatest trial he had to endure, but
after he had put on his tow shirt his feelings were
touched in another way, for he had a very soft and
tender skin. How he got on inside of that horrid
shirt we will notice another time.

[For the Juvenile Instructor.]

Voices from Nature.

SPEAKING STONES.

Now if that does not beat all! Speaking stones!
He made a tree tell stories, showed us how the eye
could speak, flowers fetch a prince out of prison,
etc.; but how he can make stones say anything, is
what I would like to know! Well, children, you
have had your talk; now let the stones and rocks
have theirs.

Only a little over 19 years have the Latter-day
Saints been in these valleys, and when they came
here they found nobody to tell them anything of the
changes and events that may have taken place here
from time to time, but still we know that once the
Great Salt Lake filled this whole valley from below
Provo and as far north, and that its waters stood
high up covering the bench land on the foot of the
mountains east and west. Look upon the three
large rims alongside the mountains, one above
another, consisting chiefly of gravel. They tell
you, that they were the ancient shores of the lake
which receded at the different periods until at the
last rising of the ground the remnant of that great
sea retired to the bed of the present lake. If you
wish to be still more satisfied on that point, go up
any of the wild canyons, where the immense masses
of rock stare out of the ground, and the slanting
direction of their strata convinces you at once, that
powerful upheavings of the land have taken place
in these regions.

If my young friends would look upon the map of
Europe and describe with their finger a crooked line
from the White Sea in the north of Russia down
the shores of the Baltic Sea through the middle of
Germany, southern part of Holland and the East-
ern shores of England they will have described the
boundary of a district in which are found here and
there large blocks of stone, called erratic blocks,
often the size of a small house, and consisting of
material which is only found in the Kjolen moun-
tains between Sweden and Norway. The most of
those rocks have one or two sides as smooth as if
they had been polished by art, and their gray color
and the moss upon them indicate a very high age.
How came they there? They point us to the moun-
tain tops and the surrounding country, which are
full of the remains of ocean shells, indicating that
these countries once were covered by the sea; their

polished sides tell us that the ice of the Arctic ocean used to rub against them in passing, and polished them, and finally tore them down, carried them off, and melting, deposited them on the spot where they now lay, to give us lectures in these latter days on the geography and climate of those countries before the time of man.

All my young readers have heard, no doubt, of those ancient nations, the Egyptians, Babylonians, Assyrians, Greeks and Romans, all of which, notwithstanding their power, riches and multitude, have passed away so entirely that of some of them scarcely more is left than the name. But in these later years men of science have begun to read and understand the engravings upon the ruins of their cities and temples; and even whole cities have been dug out of the ground, so that, although no man is living to tell us of them, the silent ruins of their palaces and temples bear witness to us of their grandeur and pride, their sins and their destruction.

Go to Yucatan in Central America and the silence of mighty ruins of magnificent edifices is an elaborate testimony of a once prosperous and mighty people, that in the pride of their heart forgot the God of their fathers and turned to idols, were wiped away from the face of the earth, and left nothing behind them but the ruins of their temples as a warning for other generations after them, and a testimony of the truth of the Book of Mormon that came forth from a box made of stone. All over the face of the earth, on the sea shores and upon the mountain tops, among the abodes of the living and at the last resting places of the dead when no living tongue can speak of it any more, stones are the fearful recorders of days gone by; of the changes nature has wrought upon the surface of this earth, of the vain endeavors of men to gain immortality among his race when he gained nothing but a stone to record his vanity, of the rise and fall of nations, and of the judgments of God upon them; thus verifying the words of our Savior; as they occur in the German: "When men are silent, stones will cry out." K. G. M.

[For the Juvenile Instructor.]

SKETCHES FROM THE BOOK OF MORMON.

ALMA AND HIS PEOPLE—COWARDLY CONDUCT OF KING NOAH.

AFTER the death of Abinadi, described in our last number, Alma—the young man who fled from king Noah—went about privately among the people, teaching all who would listen to him the words that Abinadi had spoken concerning what should come to pass in the future, and also the resurrection from the dead and the redemption of mankind which should be brought to pass through the power, sufferings and death of Christ, and his resurrection and ascension into heaven. As many as believed on the words of Alma went out to him to a place called Mormon, where there was a beautiful fountain of pure water and a nice grove of trees. Here he baptized them and organized them into a church, and they lived together for some time very peacefully and happy, being very kind to and beloved by one another, so that there were none among them who suffered for food or clothing. But by and by some one found their delightful retreat and went and told King Noah, who sent his armies to find and slay Alma and his people. But Alma knew of their coming, so he gathered his people together, with their families, and they took their tents, their flocks, and all their moveable property and traveled into the wilderness until they came to a very beautiful and fertile land which they called Helam, where they settled and began to build a city. But after a

time—how long we do not know—the Lamanites found them, came upon them with a strong army and took possession of their land and city, and appointed a man named Amulon to be their ruler. This Amulon had been one of king Noah's priests, but was taken prisoner by the Lamanites and managed to get into their favor so much that King Laman, as we have seen, appointed him to rule over Alma and his people. Now Amulon hated Alma—because he was good—and all who believed in him, and not only oppressed and persecuted them himself, but encouraged all who came with him to do likewise, so that the burdens and sufferings of the poor people of Alma became intolerable. They cried to the Lord to deliver them, but Amulon commanded his guards to put to death any one they heard calling upon God; so after this they had to pray to the Lord in their hearts, silently. The Lord heard and answered their prayers, by telling Alma what to do. So, according to the Lord's command, Alma instructed his people to be ready to leave the city of Helam; they, accordingly, worked hard all night, gathering together their stock and packing up their provisions, clothing, etc., and in the morning they departed out of the city, with their wives and children, into the wilderness, and thus escaped from the tyranny and cruelty of their enemies. Now the Lord had caused the Lamanites to sleep more soundly than common so that his people might escape safely. After traveling through the wilderness for twelve days, being led by the Spirit of the Lord, through Alma, they arrived at the land of Zarahemla, and were received by King Mosiah with great joy.

We must now return to King Noah and his people. After he returned from pursuing Alma and his brethren, one of his officers, named Gideon, rebelled against the King and would have killed him, but he fled and got on to the top of a tower near the Temple, and from there he saw the armies of the Lamanites approaching, and called to Gideon to spare his life and prepare against the Lamanites; so Gideon allowed him to come down in safety.

The King then commanded the people to leave their homes and cities and to flee before their enemies as quickly as possible; but, as the Lamanites began to overtake and slay some of them, the cowardly king told his people to leave their wives and children to fall into the hands of their enemies and to fly for their lives. Some obeyed him, but a great many would not, preferring to stay and die with their wives and children to leaving them alone to be murdered or taken prisoners. Those who remained with their families caused their daughters to meet and plead with the Lamanites that they would spare their parents and brothers and sisters. The Lamanites were so charmed with the beauty and eloquence of these young women that they spared the lives of all the people, whom they took prisoners, brought them back to the land of Nephi and allowed them to possess their homes and farms on condition that they paid one-half of all their property annually to the King of the Lamanites, and also deliver up King Noah. One of King Noah's sons, named Limhi, being amongst the people, was made King by the voice of the people, and though he was naturally anxious to save his father's life, still he knew that his father was a wicked man and deserved to die, and, besides, he was obliged to consent to give him up, or the Lamanites would not spare the people.

My boy, never make the good name of your father your only claim to be respected. It will give you an influence with good men and women; but your own merits must be the means of continuing their respect for you. Seek to conform your conduct at all times to the principles of truth, so shall your name grow to be respected among the good, and you will be held in esteem by the honorable among men.

[For the Juvenile Instructor.]

OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

CHILDREN sometimes grow naughty enough to think that they can show some importance by disobeying their parents. We hope but few, if any, of our young readers ever feel so. And to strengthen them in their willingness to obey their parents, we will tell them a little story.

There was a man, one time, who was greatly blessed of the Lord, and whom the Lord visited and talked to. This man was wealthy in flocks and herds, but he had no son to perpetuate his name. The Lord promised him that his wife should have a son, although she was growing aged. His wife could scarcely believe it, and that he might have an heir, she gave him her handmaid to be his wife, who bore a son to him; but this was not the child of promise.

About fifteen years after, this good man's first wife had a son, as the Lord had promised, and the child grew and became a fine young man. One day, when this son was about twenty-five years old, the Lord told his father to take him away into a mountain, a distance from where he lived, and there offer him up as a sacrifice, by killing him with a knife and burning him.

The good man knew that the Lord had promised that through this son his name should be perpetuated, and that great blessings which were promised to all the nations of the earth should come through his seed. But he did not hesitate in obeying the command of God. He took his son, and some wood on an ass, to make the fire, and he went towards the mountain. When he was come near the place, he left two young men, whom he had brought with him, along with the ass, and made his son carry the wood that was to make the fire.

When the two had come near to the place, the young man looked around him and said, "Behold the fire and the wood; but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering?" It was customary in that age to offer lambs in sacrifice in this way. His father replied, "My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering." So they went on to the place, and when they arrived, the father built an altar, laid the wood in order, and bound his son and laid him on the altar to kill him. The young man could not help knowing then what was going to be done, but it was his father who was doing it, and he was obedient. Just as the father had the knife in his hand to kill his son, an angel of the Lord called to him and told him not to kill the young man, for the Lord was satisfied with his obedience, seeing that he would not withhold even the child of promise whom he dearly loved, when the Lord required him. And when the good man looked around, he saw a ram that was caught in a thicket by its horns; and he took the ram and offered it for a burnt-offering instead of his son.

Here was obedience to parents shown in the strongest manner. For this man was obedient to his Father in heaven; and when he was asked to give up the son of his love and of his old age he did not refuse; and the son was obedient to his father although it seemed as if that obedience would cost him his life. This good man has since been called the Father of the faithful and the friend of God. His name was Abraham; and his son's name was Isaac. And from that son sprang the whole people of Israel; and to his posterity were promised the greatest of blessings, many of which they have received, and many more are yet in store for them. The story can be found in the book of Genesis in the Bible.

Will our young readers strive ever to be obedient to their parents like Isaac, and obedient to our Father in heaven like Abraham? We hope so.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON.....EDITOR.

AUGUST 15, 1866.

SELECT YOUR READING.



We are much pleased to hear of the interest that is felt by our JUVENILES in their paper—the INSTRUCTOR. It is encouraging to hear about the gladness with which the little folks welcome it. We commenced the publication of the INSTRUCTOR for the sole purpose of benefiting the children. We know of no reason why we should not have a publication of this kind in this country. Such a paper has been much needed among our young people. The young are naturally inquisitive. The art of reading once acquired by them they must gratify their thirst for knowledge. If suitable works and publications are not selected for them, they will take such as they can find, without regard to fitness or quality. Children, however good their desires may be, are not capable of selecting the kind of reading that is best adapted for them. Their parents and teachers must do this. And the parent who is neglectful and suffers his children to read every book and paper that may be thrown in their way, without discrimination, does his children a great injury. In years to come, such children will have to regret the carelessness and indifference of their parents.

There is a class of papers which are brought by stage loads to this Territory, which we see scattered through the houses of the people, and which have, we think, a pernicious influence upon those who read them. We refer to novelettes and illustrated papers containing tales of fiction. They almost deluge our Territory, and the effects which follow their perusal, especially in the case of the young, can not be reckoned at present. Being easily obtained, the children get them, and in many places they form almost the only reading they have.

Now, if we could have any influence with our JUVENILES, we would urge them, with all the earnestness of which we are capable, not to read those publications. They will fill your minds with improper and incorrect ideas. Works of fiction, novels, tales and light reading of that description ought not to be read by young people. They are not healthy food for young minds. Healthy food is necessary to make healthy bodies. If the food be not suited to the stomach, the body can not thrive. Now, this is the case also with the mind. Children, if you read healthy books and papers, your minds will be healthy and vigorous and be stored with useful knowledge. Such is the food which your minds require. On the contrary, if you read papers and books which are not suitable, your minds will be weakened and become sickly.

We wish to make the INSTRUCTOR so attractive to our young readers that they will always prefer the truths which its pages will contain to the fictitious found in many of the papers brought here from a distance. If we can inspire them with a love of truth, and aid them in choosing the correct path in which to walk through life, we shall feel that the mission of the INSTRUCTOR has been a profitable one.

The history of the Church, the Bible, the Book of Mormon, the Book of Doctrine and Covenants,

are works which should be familiar to every child and young person in this Church, who is capable of reading. To be ignorant of the history of the people of God in these days, and the doctrines of the Church, and the records of the ancients which we have among us, is inexorable in any young person of any size in this Territory. Suitable works on history—ancient and modern—natural history, and scientific works, should also be read by our young people, and should always be preferred before novels. This kind of knowledge will lay a foundation for future life, on which those who possess it can build with security.

We feel sanguine that the steady perusal of the INSTRUCTOR will have the effect to create a desire to read such works as we have alluded to.

[For the Juvenile Instructor.]

THE GODS OF THE HEATHENS.

It may interest some of the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR to be told a little about the curious things that the nations, who have not known the true God, have worshiped instead of Him, that they may know the follies that men have fallen into who rejected the messages of salvation the true God sent to them by His servants.

The first people who turned away from the Lord after the flood, of whom we have any account, were the children of Ham, the second son of Noah. They settled in Egypt, and wished to act as the priests of the Lord, claiming the right through their great father, Noah. They had no right to act in the priesthood, as that privilege belonged to the children of Shem, the eldest son of Noah; so they rebelled against God and established a religion and priesthood of their own. They soon became so dark in their minds as to worship animals and other strange creatures. They were even foolish enough to bow down and pray to monkeys, cats, beetles and crocodiles, as though they could do them any good. When these creatures died, they embalmed them and kept them in their temples for hundreds of years.

Another of their gods was the river Nile. This river runs right through their country. Rain does not fall in that country; but the Nile overflows its banks and irrigates the earth, and makes it fertile. So we suppose that the ancient Egyptians, seeing that it was through the overflowing of this river they were able to raise their fruits and grains, thought it must be a god, and worshiped it accordingly.

Another nation, not very distant neighbors of the Egyptians,—called the Persians, had the strange idea that they received all their blessings through the agency of fire, and that it was god. They ordained priests and built temples to its honor, and had some sacred fires that they looked after day and night, summer and winter, and which for ages they never allowed to go out. It is even said that there are some of those fires burning now, that, for two or three thousand years, have never been extinguished. The Greeks and the Romans, who ruled for a time over almost all the known world, had a strange lot of gods. Some of their gods, instead of being holy, pure beings, like we believe our Father in Heaven is, were very wicked, cruel creatures, unworthy of respect or love, much less of being worshiped. Did they live on the earth in our day, they would certainly be put in the penitentiary or be executed for their sins, instead of being objects of a great peoples' adoration. But the people of those nations loved sin, and they loved gods who would not be particular about wicked actions. Those nations had gods who, they thought, ruled over everybody and every thing; One god was supposed to protect farmers, another to look after the interest of the merchants, another

took care of the soldiers, even the thieves had their protecting Deity. There was a god of war, a god of peace, a god of riches, and so on, almost without end, all of which attended to their own particular lines of business. They had vast and gorgeous temples erected to their worship and hosts of priests and priestesses were supported to see that their worship was not neglected.

But most of the heathen nations of all ages, worshiped images of wood and stone, which they made themselves.

In some of the countries where the forefathers of many of the Saints lived, they had equally peculiar forms of religion. In Denmark, Sweden and Norway, they had some hundreds of deities, in some respects very much like those of the Greeks and Romans, in others entirely different. In Britain, about the time of the Savior, they had forms of worship different from all others. Their priests were called Druids, and worshiped in groves of Oak, which tree, with the Ivy, were considered particularly sacred to their gods. Some of their ceremonies were very cruel. They often offered up human beings as sacrifices. Sometimes hundreds at a time. They burned their victims in immense wicker baskets, formed in the shape of a man.

When America was discovered by Columbus there were many forms of worship existing amongst the inhabitants. The Mexicans had many strange and cruel rites in their creed, and built many huge and curiously shaped edifices, where they celebrated their feasts and holy days. They are said to have offered men and women to propitiate or appease their angry gods. The Peruvians worshiped the sun with many grand and imposing ceremonies, while the Indians of these northern parts almost universally worshiped one God, whom they called the Great Spirit.

In the day in which we live men have a diversity of ways of worshiping idols. These live principally in Africa and the Polynesian Islands. In Asia the Mohammedan prevails in the western portion, in the eastern parts the greatest number follow the doctrines taught by the priests of Buddha, Bramha and Confucius. All these greatly differ, but none of them are owned of God. Even the Jews have turned aside, and have changed the laws and ordinances they received from the Prophets, and are as much in the dark as the other inhabitants of the lands in which they live. Then there are many millions (dwelling chiefly in Europe and America) who call themselves by the name of Christ, but which name they have no right to, for they neither obey his laws nor keep his commandments. They have a God, whom they admit they cannot understand themselves, and of course they cannot explain it to the understanding of any one else. He is as near nothing as can be imagined; he is unlike any person or thing; he is every where and nowhere at once, and never now speaks or in any way makes himself manifest to the inhabitants of this earth.

All these are Heathens. God in Heaven owns them not, neither will their laws and ordinances, creeds or forms save them, but if they wish to obtain salvation, be they Pagans, Mohammedans or Christians, they must obey the laws of the God whom we serve. For beside Him there is none other, neither in Heaven or on Earth. G. R.

[For the Juvenile Instructor.]

HE NEVER TOLD A LIE.

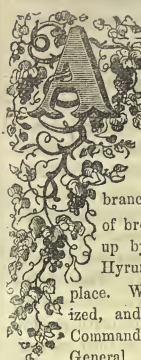
Munoo Park, the celebrated African traveler, when in a village in Africa, it is said, saw the body of a boy, who had been killed, borne into the village. The body was followed by a concourse of the natives, and the boy's mother was close beside it. In the midst of her grief she kept repeating the words, "He never told a lie! He never told a lie!" What a consoling thought to any parent!

The strict truthfulness of this ignorant African boy, is worthy of imitation by children everywhere; and our little readers, who are so greatly blessed above what he was, should ever strive to be so truthful that their parents may be able to say of them, They never told a lie!

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

(CONTINUED.)



AFTER the brethren of the Camp crossed the Mississippi river and entered the State of Missouri, they stopped at a grove in Monroe county. At that place there was a branch of the Church called Salt River Church. Some members of that branch joined the Camp; a company of brethren which had been gathered up by the prophet Joseph's brother Hyrum, also joined the Camp at that place. While here, the Camp was reorganized, and Joseph was acknowledged as Commander-in-Chief and Lyman Wight as General.

About three days after leaving Salt River the Camp was met by Elders Orson Hyde and Parley P. Pratt, who had been sent by Joseph to Jefferson City, to see Daniel Dunklin, Governor of Missouri. They reported that Governor Dunklin had refused to fulfil his promise to reinstate the brethren on their land in Jackson county. The ground he had for refusing to render the brethren this justice was that it was impracticable.

On June 16th, while the Camp was traveling, a public meeting was called of the citizens of Clay county at the request of Judge Ryland. He was the Judge of the Circuit. The brethren who had been expelled from Jackson county, and who were residing in Clay county, attended that meeting. Propositions were presented by the mobbers of Jackson county to that meeting respecting the brethren's lands from which they were driven in that county. These propositions were apparently fair, but were in reality a sham, as they were of such a character that the brethren could not comply with them. Before any conclusion was arrived at, the meeting broke up in confusion through one Missourian stabbing another. The man killed was a mobber, who had whipped one of the Saints nearly to death, and boasted of having done the same to many more.

From this meeting some of the Jackson county mobbers started to Independence, to raise an army sufficient to meet Joseph and the Camp of Zion before they could reach Clay county. All kinds of rumors were in circulation respecting Joseph and the army, as it was called, that he had with him, and considerable fear rested upon the people respecting him and his intentions. As James Campbell, one of the leaders of the mob, was adjusting his pistols in his holsters previous to starting, he swore that "the eagles and turkey buzzards shall eat my flesh, if I do not fix Jo. Smith and his army, so that their skins will not hold skulls, before two days are passed."

This man thought that he could accomplish this without any trouble. He made no calculations on the power that God could exercise, neither did he think that He would take any notice of him or his actions. But we will relate to you, children, how much he was mistaken. He and the others went to the Ferry, and undertook to cross the Missouri river after dark. When they reached the middle of the river, the boat sank, and seven out of the twelve, who attempted to cross, were drowned. The angel of God was there to hinder them from accomplishing their wicked design. It was an easy matter for him to sink the boat, and to send them to their own place by water. Campbell was one

of those who were drowned. He floated down the river some four or five miles, and lodged upon a pile of drift-wood. In that position his body lay until the eagles, buzzards, ravens, crows and other wild creatures ate his flesh from his bones. His own words were fulfilled, and when found about three weeks after, all that was left of him was a horrible-looking skeleton. Thus did this wicked man bring upon himself the vengeance of an offended God! It is a fearful thing for a man to incur the displeasure of his Creator. Those men who fought against Zion in those days, and persecuted and mobbed the Saints, have either died miserable deaths, or are now living as miserable outcasts—forsaken wretches, who feel an inward consciousness of guilt, and are despised by those who know them. This is the punishment they receive for their wickedness.

On the 19th day of June the Camp had reached the vicinity of Clay county, where the Saints were principally living who had been driven out of Jackson county. The brethren in the Camp were anxious to hurry forward and meet their brethren in Clay county that day. But they could make no headway. One wagon broke down, the wheels ran off from others and so many things occurred to hinder them, they could make but little progress. Instead of meeting with the Saints, they were compelled to camp on an elevated piece of land between the Little and Big Fishing rivers.

That evening an awful storm of wind, rain and hail, accompanied by thunder and lightning, commenced and raged through the night. It seemed as though the heavens were moved to defend the little band of Saints who were under the leadership of the Prophet Joseph. The mob had been collecting with the design, as they said, to "kill Jo. Smith and his army." They intended to unite their forces; but this fearful storm prevented. The only inconvenience the Camp suffered that night was from the blowing down of some of their tents and the rain. But the mob suffered dreadfully. The hail was so severe that it made holes in their hats, and broke some of the stocks of their rifles, and stamped their horses. They felt that God was fighting for the Saints. One of their number was killed by lightning, and the rest returned home. In the evening, before the storm, the water in Big Fishing river was only to a man's ancles; but the next morning it was about forty feet deep. In Little Fishing river the mob swore that the water rose thirty feet in thirty minutes.

Some of the leaders of the mob afterwards visited Joseph in the Camp. He gave them a recital of the persecutions the Saints had suffered and the intentions of himself and the brethren of the Camp in coming up to that country. They were so softened by what they heard that they wept. They afterwards exerted themselves to allay the excitement among the people.

THE BROOK.

"Brook, bright and gladsome brook! I pray thee stay a while: I love to see my moss-grown face in thy clear waters."

It was an ancient bridge, with many-colored lichens on its crumbling stone, that cried thus to the brook.

"Nay," said the brook; "I can not tarry; my river is far off, and I must not rest till I find it."

"Brook, dear, beautiful brook! stay and sing to us while we dance," said a group of daffodils that were trembling with delight in the summer breeze.

"Dance ye, and play," said the brook; "but I tarry not. As I sing, I flow onwards; for my river is far off, and I may not stay till I gain it."

Brook, what song do you sing? How is it that you fear not to break our sacred silence? Remember the tale of quietness we tell, and cease your gay prattling."

Thus spoke some old gray tombstones, that rose above the churchyard wall, and frowned darkly on the silver brook as it glittered in the moonlight.

"Nay, I can not be silent. My song is given me, and my voice is made to sing it; and I must not leave it off till I have gained my river." Thus answered the brook.

"Pretty brook, thou art not wide enough," said the moon. Spread thyself over thy narrow banks, that I may rejoice more in thee, and thou mayest reflect more of my mild splendor."

"Pleasant moon," answered the brook, "I can not be more than I am, neither can I have more of thy brightness yet; but my banks will be wide indeed, and my glory great indeed, when I have reached my river."

"Presumptuous brook!" said the sun, "dry up! What! wilt thou dare to steal my splendor to dress thy poor thread-like course? Dry up, and perish!"

"Nay, by your leave, mighty sun, I will flow on under rushes, and hide from your scorn, and so reach my river."

And the brook *did* reach its river; for it was, like the strong heart that neither trial nor temptation can hold in its hands.

THE RIDDLER.

THE following have forwarded correct answers to the Charade in No. 12: the name being GEORGE WASHINGTON—Lizzie Winder; Emily Ann Abbott; Rachel Cahoon; Susie A. Young; Andrew A. Cahoon; Katie Wells; Dessie Wells.

We have received some answers to the Arithmetical question in No. 11, but none of them are correct. Try again.

(For the Juvenile Instructor.)

CHARADE.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 17, 10, 15, 7,

" 5, 15, 6, 7, 8, 10, 16,

" 5, 2, 14, 10, 6, 6, 8,

" 9, 15, 5, 8, 7,

Are the wives of Patriarchs.

My 15, 3, 12, 13, 10, 17, 4, 6, 1, is a ruler in Israel who slew 70 of his brethren and was afterwards killed by a woman.

My 1, 4, 3, 2, is a Grecian goddess.

My 11, 12, 4, 16, a German port in the Baltic Sea.

My 2, 16, 12, 9, 1, 8, is a prophet of God.

My 9, 15, 13, 8, 5, 12, 8, is a country often mentioned in the New Testament.

My whole is a living prophet, well known to all the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

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No pains will be spared to make this paper, both in matter and appearance, worthy of the patronage of every parent in the Territory.